CHRISTMAS
MERRY

THE QUILL

Queens College
Charlotte, N. C.
DECEMBER, 1958

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From THE QUILL

To You Who Want To Write

We know! We know! There is nothing quite so luring as a white, untouched sheet of paper which has been stuck casually into a typewriter, awaiting those first hesitating words. And we know also that the feat of your ever working out the plot of a short story, which, incidentally, you would like to see published in *The Quill,* can appear as feasible to you as man's attempts to capture the Abominable Snowman. And we realize that by rationalizing you can talk yourself into having writers' hand-cramp by convincing yourself that you can't write anyway. And we know that it's hard for you to bring yourself to smatter that piece of untouched paper with your vain attempts to say something of worth. So what do you end up doing? You simply avoid all white, clean paper! Instead, you become smart and begin to scribble on the margins of old tests, on anything to make those necessary mechanical techniques as casual and as unpremeditated as possible. Soon, you're a writer!

Now that you *are* a writer, you'll automatically be labeled as a mystic, as a member of an extraordinary, unpredictable, manic-depressed group of quirks who are constantly going off into tangled tangents — — shouldn't I be reading *Crime and Punishment,* gathering up pledge dues from my sorority sisters, working on my chemistry experiment, slashing my wrists, doing anything except indulging in the exhausting labor which is called writing? But, even though Prometheus had his heart eaten out each day by a bird, he could not die; and he fought like a god. You can, too, by becoming your own soothsayer:

> Is there a jewel out of your fraternity pin?
> This will supply you with something to worry
> about, if you do a thorough job of doing so,
> for the next two hours instead of writing.

Worry about this now by getting it down in black and white on a list you can tape to your mirror:

> Hang it all, yes, a jewel's out of your
> fraternity pin. See a jeweler tomorrow.
>
> Of course your blue skirt needs hemming.
> Do it tomorrow.
>
> That pledge does owe you some money.
> Collect it tomorrow.

Because your list will change daily, it will meet two needs. Constructively, it will activate you and get you into shape (it does involve writing, rough though it may be). Secondly, the basic silliness in doing such a thing as making out a list will cause you to laugh, and you can't be tense and laugh at the same time.

Does that short story which you are now writing on the margins of your test papers (you must not have said very much) have a fifty-fifty chance of not being excellent literature? Don't worry about it. It doesn't have to be in this first draft. Many authors rewrite some of their lines hundreds of times, so isn't it nice for you to have this privilege also? All that this first rough copy has to be is approximately what you want to say: nothing elaborate, just the same old corned-beef and cabbage. You can even use a pen name if you so desire. Why not title your first work for *The Quill, The Old Corned-Beef and Cabbage,* by Shirley Dish.

Still your short story won't co-operate? Write us a letter describing your sad situation — — the chances are slim that you will ever finish it. "Dear *Quill* staff members: What I am trying to do is make a Westerner named Fearless Fosdick lose his gun in a stage hold-up. He's been without his left hand for some years — — no! wait! maybe he's the stagecoach driver who hides the cash box under the coach while it is in the process of being robbed. Now I've got it! Fearless Fosdick has to be the driver because I want my hero to be on the side of the law."

You're into it — — head first! Stop! That jackass you are harboring in your heart starts balking under the load he's having to carry. How are you going to make him trot? Just dangle a carrot in front of him and beat him with the biggest pencil you can find. When he gets through one paragraph — — not before — — let him rest and have a candy bar. If he begins to stumble in the middle of your climax, let him see a movie. Anything which he desires, however, must be worked for and earned; and, strangely enough, he will soon come to enjoy wading through your words.

Finally — — yes, finally — — you can enjoy the deep cool comfort that's yours after your agony. That agony is supposed to make you think! You'll survive — — especially when you see your first short story published in *The Quill.*

LAURA P. DAVIS

ANOTHER SYMPTOM

Mary Allred

Among the students at Queens College there are those who feel that there are symptoms of illness inherent in the institution and who are concerned with remedying them by attacking their underlying causes. Recently an action taken by the faculty in the area of class attendance has been added to the number of symptoms of illness visible at Queens. This regulation declares that "Students absent from a class more than three times will be reported to the Dean of the College for his discretionary action." What his "discretionary action" might be is a yet undisclosed mystery. The entire standards of values and principles of many of us are in opposition not only to this action but also to the ambiguity of this regulation and to the conspicuous absence of any explanation whatsoever of a policy to be followed in its enforcement. I shall endeavor here to show some of the reasons that we are opposed to this action in principle and in reality.

In the first place, we feel that this attendance regulation and all of its kind violate a principle of freedom and at the same time quell opportunities for full and free individual development and maturity. When a student has freedom—including the freedom to establish conscientiously his own principles of attendance—he has the capacity to develop for himself a much stronger foundation for learning and for character formation than a foundation built around meek compliance to force and rigid requirements. Freedom involves necessity and opportunity for self-knowledge and self-evaluation; it requires an ever-increasing sense of responsibility and an ever-deepening maturity, and both of these it helps to build; moreover, its abuse provides its own penalty to the abuser. A policy of force, on the other hand, leaves no room for personal initiative in development; nor does it allow for individual judgment or reason. Its very arbitrary nature makes it undesirable.

Under these broad principles come a multitude of faults which appear to me apparent in the present system. One of these is that it allows no consideration either of the maturity or the ability of the student, its only distinction being made between those students who are failing and those who are passing. No consideration is given to experience beyond the first quarter of college life or to achievement other than the achievement of maintaining a passing average. Thus seniors who for almost four years have been going to college, establishing principles and habits of study and learning what is necessary to successful education, must attend class under the same regulations as freshmen who have been acquainted with college for only eight short weeks. At the same time the student who consistently makes high grades must follow the same regulations as a student who barely gets by with a one-point average. It is true that both might recognize a need on their part for constant class attendance, but the statement of rule makes attendance arbitrary and minimizes the chances of attendance being based upon reason or judgment, thereby maximizing the chances of making it highly resented by and ineffective for either type of student. Nor does the present system allow for individual differences whereby one student might get as much or more from her own studying as from a class and another might lose a great deal in one absence from a class. In connection with all this is the fact that the regulation does not consider the principle of self-penalty. In other words, if a student uses poor judgment in her attendance of a class or if her absence causes her not to learn something important, the harm which results to her work is her natural penalty; there is no justification for any other. If she can miss the class and still learn the material by extra application, she has accomplished the objective of the class without harm to anyone; therefore, there is no reason for a penalty. These points, then, are among our strong objections to this system.

But there are still other aspects of this to which we object. For instance, the system does not take into consideration the need of students for some time away from the college during the semester. Its statement does not contain the term "unexcused absences;" it says merely "three absences." It is evident that there is always the possibility of illness, accident, family emergency, or death to be considered—any of which would cause absence. How, then, can a girl, with complete peace of mind, feel free to "use" one of these precious three absences for a much-needed week-end away from the campus? Every student here, I contend, for her mind's sake, her health's sake, and the sakes of those who must live with her needs at least three out of the eighteen week-ends of a semester free for opportunities to leave Queens, Charlotte, worries, and the constant lack of solitude. Moreover, the location of Queens is such that having to leave after classes on Saturday makes a trip to many points not worth-while, if possible at all. In the opinions of most of us, occasional relief from routine and pressure free from any guilt or feeling of anxiety is essential to mental and physical health.

We have said that this entire policy seems a *symptom,* and the disease of which we feel Queens is a victim is a double one called *stagnation* or even *regression,* and *fear of freedom.* It is a feeling, a fever, an attitude which can be sensed throughout the atmosphere of the college. It can be sensed in such attitudes as: "The girls *must* be sheltered from unorthodox or ugly things going on in the world; attempts to inform them may *corrupt* them." It can be seen in compulsory chapel and church attendance; it can be felt in classrooms where contradiction or questioning are stonily discouraged; and now it reaches a peak in the three-absence system. It is an attitude plainly characterized by lack of trust in the judgment of selected young women—selected for their character, potentialities, intelligence, and high moral standards to be students at a small Christian college—and by over-protection stemming from this lack of trust. Other aspects of the disease are seen in some classroom atmospheres which are uninspiring, unstimulating, and uninteresting. Indeed, required attendance can quite easily promote an encouragement to laziness, not only on the part of the student, but also on the part of the teacher. Teachers' endorsements of such policy would insure attendance to their classes without any extra effort necessary on their part; and a great many teachers often need more incentive than their dedication to keep students alert and interested. In connection with this is the fact that it seems completely unfair for a student to be forced to go to a class to spend a fruitless, boring hour which she could have missed without ever knowing it and which in many pressing instances could have been used to much greater advantage.

This entire attitude, policy, and system with all its underlying principles and evident faults we, then, contend to be a symptom of sickness which is itself aggravating the disease not a little by encouraging intellectual apathy, by increasing tension and pressure, and by stirring up unhealthy and resentful attitudes.

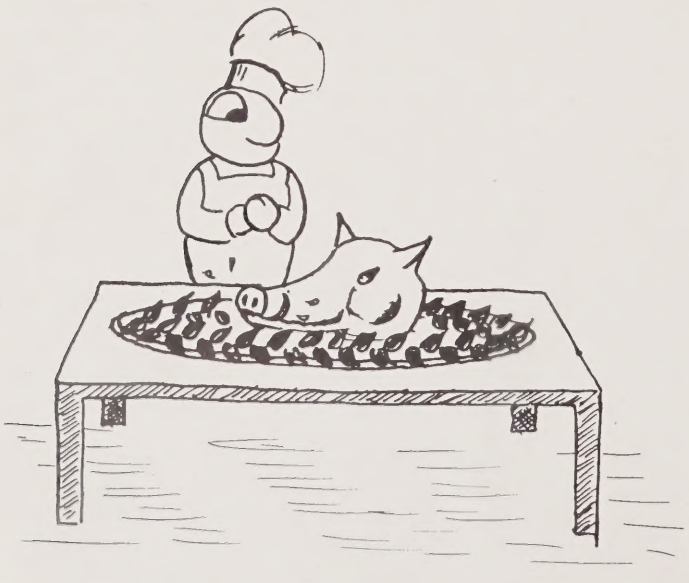
CHRISTMAS EVE

Susan Burns

The icy wind whipped through the old man's traditional red coat. His white beard blew into his mouth everytime he spoke. His numbed hands clutched a scratched brass bell, which he rang at regular intervals. In front of him stood a black kettle with sturdy wooden legs.

A man in a brown hat glided around the corner and dropped a bill into the pot without looking. An elderly woman with a lavender scarf around her head hobbled to the kettle, looked at the old man, and passed on with her head lowered. A young mother with two children stopped in front of the old man, fumbled for her purse, dropped a shiny coin into the kettle, and continued down the street, dragging her youngest son by his coat sleeve.

The stores had closed now. The red-suited man picked up his black kettle and walked slowly into a brown brick building. When the man came out, he had changed his red suit for a patched black coat and brown trousers. His white beard still matched his shaggy eyebrows. He blew into his hands to warm them. Gently he lowered himself onto a bench in front of the drug store. Tomorrow he would help with the party at the orphanage. He knew he had nothing but time to give this Christmas, and not very much of this was left.



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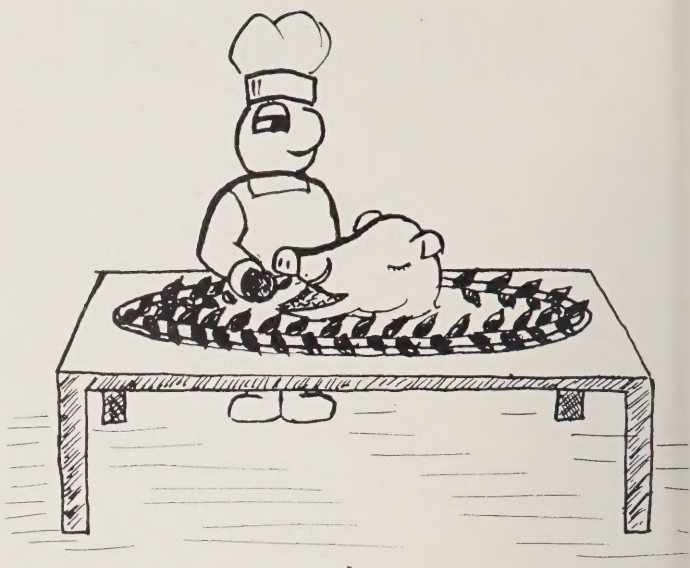


I

BOREDOM

Barbara Riddle

Boredom is a Sunday afternoon. The dorm is quiet; almost everybody is gone for the day. My roommate is out of town. My room is clean, so work will not occupy my hands. My lessons are done; they cannot occupy my mind. My letters are not written, but what can I write?

There are no telephone calls. A radio plays softly next door. Someone in slippers pads down the hall. Boredom is boredom no longer; it is loneliness. Boredom asks for release; loneliness begs—no, pleads for it!

Boredom is restless, craves action. It leaves time to think, to remember, to wonder. Is Daddy tired; is Mother well? Is little sister dating much? My first-grade brother must be learning to read by now. Saddest of all, my oldest brother has married, and I have not yet seen his wife.

Boredom scorns the newest record or a hand of bridge. Loneliness reads a love story and weeps. Old wounds are opened with reminiscences.

A GIFT

Susan Burns

Two figures stood bent against the icy wind in front of the pet shop. The young girl's black hair blew in her face as she pressed her nose flat against the cold glass window and tightly clutched her mother's hand.

"Mommie, that puppy in the back is the one I want. He looks just like Jasper."

"Yes, he does. But are you sure you want another poodle like Jasper?"

"Yes, Mommie. Won't Santa bring him to me?"

Tears blurred the vision of the mother as she pulled her frayed black coat more tightly around her.

"He'll try," she said.

The Crisis Concerning The Testing of Nuclear Weapons

THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE CRISIS

Japan was the first nation to bring the issue of testing nuclear weapons before the rest of the world. This happened after a small fishing boat inadvertently floated through the fallout area of a Pacific bomb test. Her crew absorbed radiation from the radioactive ash which was still in the microscopic atoms over the ocean and within a short period of time developed serious blood diseases.

India, incensed by the idea that perhaps human survival itself was at stake if the nuclear testing program was continued, spoke before the United Nations and suggested a moratorium on testing be made with total disarmament as the ultimate goal. The issue was on the agenda of the subcommittee of the United Nations Disarmament Commission during its meeting in London. It was agreed that testing should be stopped. However, the free world and the Soviet Union were unable to reach an agreement by negotiation.

In the presidential campaign of 1956 the question of nuclear testing became decidedly a political issue. Men of science began to make public their findings on the effects of radiation from the testing. Concern was vociferously expressed by the church, civic organizations, and individuals such as Albert Schweitzer and Reinhold Niebuhr. The United States made plans to suspend testing on October 31, 1958. The Soviet Union had announced that there would be no more testing on the part of that government after March 31, 1957. Yet on Tuesday, September 30, 1958, two new blasts were reported as having occurred within the Arctic Circle. The Japanese scientists who reported the two explosions placed one in the megaton class, or equivalent to a million tons of TNT.

Thus, once again, the testing of nuclear weapons is a very serious topic for consideration.

DANGER OF RADIATION TO THE HUMAN BODY

There are two conflicting attitudes on the question of possible danger to the human body through exposure to radiation. The first comes from Willard F. Libby, speaking for the Atomic Energy Commission; he says, "Convince me that it is dangerous." The second comes from the Federation of American Scientists with the statement that "any amount of radiation takes its toll of the population and any increase takes a greater toll." Dr. Albert Schweitzer, in "The Present Nuclear Crisis in the World," quotes remarks from Dr. Lauriston Taylor, who feels that "it is doubtful whether there is anything called a harmless amount of radiation." He thinks that we can only speak of an amount of radiation which we regard as tolerable. The National Academy of Science in its 1956 report cites, however, the following "safe limits": up to age thirty, fifty roentgens to the reproductive organs, and an additional fifty roentgens for the next ten years. The British Medical Council recommends a "safe dosage" of up to 200 roentgens in a lifetime.

As the National Academy of Science points out, however, the average North American receives over a thirty-year period the following radiation: background or environmental 4.3 r.; X-rays about 3 r.; weapons tests 0.1 r. 9 within a range of .02 r. to .5 r. if tests are continued at the 1952-1957 level. This appears small in comparison to the radiation received through daily living, but fails to take into account continuing radiation absorbed by tissue.

There are two types of radiation damage due to fall-out. Biologist E. B. Lewis of the California Institute of Technology, experimenting in causes of leukemia, estimated that ten per-cent to twenty per-cent of all leukemia now arises from natural radio-activity. There is no threshold of dosage below which leukemia does not appear.

One important factor to be considered noting further nuclear tests is their harmful effects upon unborn generations. It is entirely possible and not a matter of mere speculation that the children born during the next generation, OUR CHILDREN, will have most serious physical and mental defects. We will never be able to rationalize competently or quickly enough to rid our conscience of the guilt of silence.

MORAL IMPLICATIONS OF CONTINUED BOMB TESTING

To present the moral implications of this question we are drawing heavily on Dietrich Bonhoeffer's ideas concerning "The Last Thing and the Things before the Last." From him we learn that the Christian thinker may approach an ethical problem from three points of view. First, he may reject the reality of this world in his quest for the ideal. He does not even make an attempt for relative good since that is of necessity mixed with much evil. On the other hand, the Christian may in his dealings with this world lose sight of the ultimate altogether through a spirit of compromise. The most tenable position is the position in which the Christian takes the world seriously—both its possibilities for good and its elements of evil. He knows that even his works, weighted as they are by evil, are reconcilable through God's grace for his eternal purpose. So he is able to work for a limited goal with a sense of mission and deep humility.

With this third position in mind, one then finds certain questions presenting themselves. If honestly answered, we find a Christian answer. It may clarify the moral issue if we pose the worst possible alternatives first: If a show-down came, ought a Christian choose domination or all-out nuclear war—that is, if the choice were quite clear-cut? If domination, what would be the result? What would be lost? The Christian would lose nothing essential—that is, nothing ultimate. On the other hand, the Christian is also responsible for the non-Christian. The non-Christian loses, perhaps, the only freedom he knows, for he loses the opportunity to hear the ultimate word of Christianity. On the other hand, the Church historically has thrived in time of persecution.

If all-out nuclear war were the choice, what would be the loss? Perhaps human life as we know it. The problem of nuclear warfare cannot be discussed apart from the moral question of warfare in general. Since man is totally involved in sin, there can be no "righteous" side in a war. Is war, then, ever justifiable? And what is the destiny of man? Is it deliverance from this world, or is the Kingdom of God present in this world? In the light of this destiny, what is more important—bodily life or personal freedom? Furthermore, is nuclear warfare qualitatively different from conventional warfare?

(Continued on page 18)

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER . . . .

The following are contributions from freshmen and represent their successful attempts to portray some of their remembrances.

On a gray, rainy morning in April, only two months after I left Virginia, I saw for the first time the coast of Japan. Everything was blanketed with a misty, cold fog. With the sights of San Francisco still reflected in my mind, I eagerly surveyed the dock. Instead of bright colors there were only somber hues of black, brown, and gray. The color was in the people's dress, and it was in the buildings along the shore.

Where were the exotic shapes of the Orient? But a band played, and the Japanese people, so alike with their black hair and eyes, waved and shouted hello. And as I walked down the gangplank and felt firm ground beneath my feet once more, I realized that my voyage to Japan was over.

Pennie Jenkins

All weariness dropped away as we walked into the gymnasium of the University of Kentucky. Never had we seen so many people as were gathered on the first night of the Sixth Quadrennial Youth Convention. It was thrilling to know that we were a part of these twenty-five hundred young Christians whose love for God radiated from tired faces. We were served communion by Christians from eighteen different countries. And as the service closed with "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," we were indeed brothers in Christ.

Flora McNair

The nights in our home were so lovely. The hot air of afternoon became cool, and stars shone in the dark blue sky. The romantic South Country's night made people forget their daytime toil and feel that it was a splendid thing to live in this world. Father, having finished his business, used to spend every night in our garden by resting himself on an easy chair. We, his beloved and dear eight children, sat in a circle around him and listened to his teaching. We were all very happy, and this happiness came from Father.

Shu Mei Wang

The early morning had never seemed so lovely, so full of freshness as it did that morning by the Grand Canyon. I had awakened early with the sun sifting in through the open window and warming my face. I felt this newness, this freshness of the morning creeping into my very soul; and I was glad to be alive in this new world. Soon the sounds of the desert rushed forth. The wren began his song while the cicadas resumed their monotonous symphony. All the world was flooded with a golden light, and life on earth was beautiful to see.

Judy Furry

Sea sickness! How silly! That disease is all in the mind. We had been at sea a whole day, and there was not the least sign of discomfort. We were not going to be victims. Then the S. S. *Evangeline* left the Kingston harbor, and with a deliciously tempting roast duck dinner we were also presented a small tropical storm. The door seemed a million miles away. . . . And as the sky brightened with the coming of a new day, it found me, drained of energy and fortitude, still sitting on the deck. Sea sickness—surely it's all in the mind!

Kitty Hobbs

For many years the tree and I had been more than just friends. As a child I had swung happily from its strong, patient arms; I had spent hours absorbed in child's endless play in its dappled shadow. But now thunder roared threateningly. Above bolts of lightning ruptured the steel sky. I fled quickly to a protected spot, and from there watched the ancient tree's valiant battle with the raging tempest. My eyes closed to the death, but my ears heard the groans as a jagged flash from blackness above ended its life. When the storm abated, I drove away without a backward glance. I wanted to remember it as of old—tall and straight and proud.

Carrol Anne Annas

Un-Greetings

Alita White

I would wish you
a merry you-know-what
but I'm so Tired.

I've been rummaging
in all the drawers
looking for addresses
that I've forgotten
and poring
through phone books
and student directories
till my eyes are crossed.

And I've been writing
personal notes
on cards that just say
"Season's Greetings"
till the third finger
of my right hand
is stained with
blue-black ink.

And I've been
licking envelopes
and licking stamps
and licking . . .
you-know-what seals
till my tongue
ith limp
and thmarting
with thickum.

THE OLD HOUSE ..... *Elizabeth Sproul*

THE COMING CRISIS

The term *Democratic Party* is meaningless today, for, in reality, the Democratic Party is composed of two parties, not one. On the left one finds the Northern Democrat, a liberal and rabid integrationist, supported by the votes of Northern Negroes and labor unions; on the right is the Southern Democrat, a conservative exponent of states' rights and segregation, supported by the traditionally Solid South. A party with two branches so divergent cannot hope to endure. The Democratic Party is today at a crossroads. A split between the conservative South and the liberal North seems inevitable.

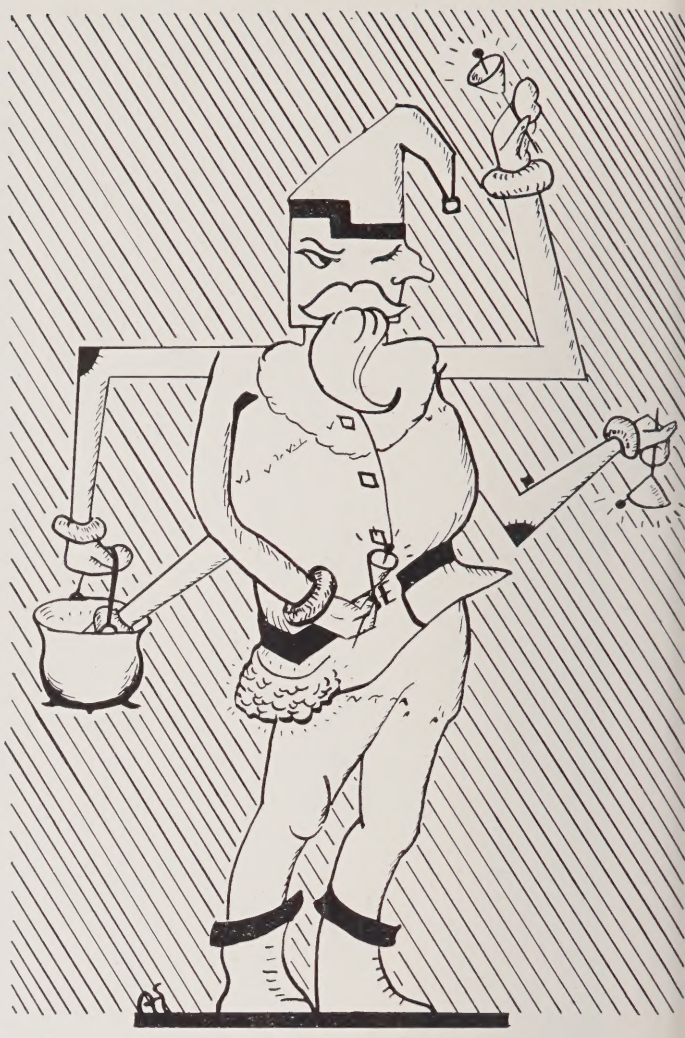
The showdown between the factions of the Democratic Party will come within the next two years. It will be precipitated by the civil-rights question. Many Northern Democrats have been elected to Congress for the 1958-1959 term. Owing their election in many instances to Negro votes, they will undoubtedly try to force through Congress anti-filibuster legislation. Passage of this legislation would enrage the Southern congressmen, for they would then be deprived of their weapon against bills undesirable to their region. With the elimination of the filibuster, passage of a civil-rights bill obnoxious to Southerners would be assured. The Southern Democrats will fight anti-filibuster and civil-rights legislation every step of the way, but they may be overcome by the Northern Democrats' sheer force of numbers.

The real rupture in the party, if it comes, will occur in 1960. Pressure will be brought to bear on the Democratic National Convention by the Northern Democrats for a strong civil-rights plank in the Democratic platform. A strong plank on the race issue will cause a walkout of Southern delegates at the convention, formation of a third party, and a transfer of Southern electoral votes to a favorite son; for the South cannot support a party which openly endorses integration.

As it stands now, the Southern conservative element of the Democratic Party cannot possibly win over the Northern liberal element. In the first place, the South is identified with two unpopular causes, segregation and states rights. In the second place, for the last twenty-five years the tide has been running strongly in favor of liberalism-socialism and strong central government. Thus, only a miracle can give the Southern Democrats victory over the Northern Democrats.

If the South leaves the Democratic Party in 1960, as I believe she will be forced to do, she will take with her the ideals of Jeffersonian Democracy, the belief that the ultimate power rests in the states. The great and grand Democratic Party will deteriorate. It will become a party ruled by labor union bossism. As a loyal Democrat, I look with foreboding upon this coming crisis within my party!

GAYNELLE RICHARDSON



Song of The Modern Day Seeker

MARY STENHOUSE

"Behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is he who is born King of the Jews?'"

Matthew 2: 1, 2.

Christ of the traveler's wearisome road,
Be Thou my way and the source of my light.
Beasts there are none to lighten my load,
Nor star to guide on the journey this night.
Groping in darkness, I stumble—I fall,
Sharing the doubts of a struggle-worn earth.
Grant me the vision to understand—all.
Christ, be a child; let me joy at Thy birth.

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR

To each person there comes some time in his life when he turns his thoughts from their usual shallow courses and focuses them into a deeper channel where they center on and contemplate the meanings and mysteries of life. It is then that he begins to wonder about true values, about the use of anything, about fate; it is then he wonders who he is and where he is going and what he believes the purpose behind it all is. Although I have had such thoughts at various times, the time has now come when I must put into words a concrete statement of my philosophy which heretofore has been only ideas.

The first and main belief I have is one that would probably shock the average man or woman: I believe each person is an island. That is, I believe that no person can ever reach another; no person can ever come to know another with a sincere, deep, sympathetic understanding of him; and he can never be understood by another. I do believe, however, that some two people can come closer to this impossible blending of souls than certain others can. Nevertheless, each person is a single person, completely isolated from every other person, unique, doomed forever to be shut off from communication with any other person, to be denied true mental intercourse. I believe, therefore, that man is consequently a lonely creature. It is true that many people never realize this, a condition which is better for them, but there are some people who realize their utter loneliness. These people spend their lives searching in vain for someone to be understood by. Thomas Wolfe is perhaps the greatest example of such a person. A statement from *Look Homeward, Angel* shows his despair at loneliness:

> He saw his life down the solemn vista of a forest aisle, and he knew that he would always be the sad one: caged in that little round of skull, imprisoned in that beating and most sacred heart, his life must always walk down lonely passages. Lost. He understood that men were forever strangers to one another, that no one ever comes really to know anyone, that imprisoned in the dark womb of our mother, we come to life without having seen her face, that we are given to her arms a stranger, and that, caught in that insoluble prison of being, we escape it never, no matter what arms may clasp us, what mouth may kiss us, what heart may warm us. Never, never, never, never, never.

Since I believe that man is essentially lonely and ever misunderstood—either underappreciated or overpraised unworthily—he is always searching for things that will give his life a meaning and will give him a purpose for living. He wants to find the truths; he wants to find the answers to the ever-present questions which sting his conscience. Not every man is thwarted in his search, but the paradoxical thing about life is that when a man does find some answers which truly satisfy him, he can never relay or transfer his feelings to someone else. Another person may share the same beliefs, but it must be through the other person's own personal experience that he finds the answers that he really believes are true. For if a man lives by what he believes, he is almost fanatical in his belief.

As for myself, I have discovered what I believe are the answers to some of my questions, and they satisfy me. I can, however, never transfer my exact feelings to anyone else. Yet I am still searching for many other answers which I do not believe I will find in books or in nature. Although these will both help a great deal, I have found that the answers will come to me either as an enlightenment after I have read much on a subject, or else they will come to me through reasoning. Every day new questions come to my mind; new paradoxes confuse me; new awakenings amaze me.

Furthermore, I believe that in every person there is some good and some evil. Although our culture breeds hypocrites and self-seekers, it also breeds those who dedicate their lives to trying to do something about the situation. I believe that every person is narrow-minded in his own beliefs. Even the most liberal people are narrow-minded in their liberalism.

As for religion, none of the predominant religions today completely satisfies me. Each of them seems to me to contain some truth, but more of them seems to me to contain all truth. I do, however, believe in the Bible. I do not think all of it is to be taken literally. I believe there is one God who created the universe and set it in motion. This God is a personal God who knows and cares for me. This God will judge every person after death and will prescribe deserts for us according to our lives on earth. How God will judge or on what basis He will punish is not answerable by me.

I believe that man should search for truth until he finds a meaning to life which completely satisfies him. I have found such a meaning in God. My chief goal is, therefore, to do what good I can while I am alive, to try my best to meet what I think God's requirements are, and to strive for that which is honorable, beautiful, and highest.

AMELIA ALEXANDER

FRESHMAN'S EYE-VIEW OF A PROFESSOR GRADING AN ENGLISH THEME

D. MONROE

Behind the lurking pencil red he sits:
Be specific, to an extent,
And connotate the exact transition.
The pencil looms and loops,
The unsuspecting word it swoops,
And leaves the dangling modifier dripping red;
Although it shames the wicked will,
The hand it hits is grimy still.

Poem

Alita White

Queens girl of the world—
Class-cutter, eater of peanut butter,
Rider of bicycles and Nation's Sunday-school teacher,
Sullen, snobbish schoolgirl with rounded shoulders,
They tell me you are awkward, and I believe them,
for I have seen you walk the streets of Charlotte
in Bobby Socks and sit Hatless in church.
They tell me you are vulgar, and my reply is:
In the narrow alleys and on the broad boulevards of
this city—and others—I have seen you
in parked cars.
Come and show me your way of life—
backhanded,
fighting,
struggling,
losing—
Dealing, shuffling, redealing.
Proud to be the Queens girl of the world,
Class-cutter, eater of peanut butter,
Rider of bicycles and Nation's Sunday-school teacher.

the lonely i

Marilyn Hackett

Eyes meet
hands clasp
you and i become We
for one brief instant
until the first word
breaks the spell.
You hide in small talk
i in laughter
and hours spin.
Then once again
as hands part
eyes cling
the barrier falls.
Too soon the lonely i
must shut the door
on We.

Pseudo

Mary Stenhouse

I am a pseudo-intellect;
Regard my theories with respect;
When I crusade for some new cause,
Congratulate me with applause.

Agree with every word I say;
Such truth will seldom come your way.
Heed these commands, and I suspect
I'll stay a pseudo-intellect.

Poem

Judy Smith

He watched the foam caress the strand
and beckon the approaching night.
He saw the sun escape behind the horizon,
cut itself,
bleed into the sea,
and die.

Winds accompanied the increasing darkness,
draping him in a blanket of obscure aromas.
Winds tangled his silver hair
as he walked slowly, in solitude,
embossing the sand with each step—
each step leading
nowhere.

Concentration absorbed time
and marked his features.
Constant motion and constant sound
blended,
dissolved in each other,
and faded
to the thin edge of consciousness.

Vastness—utter vastness—overwhelmed him,
and contentment soothed his time-torn thoughts
for one night.

Sonnet IV

Mary Stenhouse

Though you are gone, there will be other springs,
With noonday skies and lilacs quite as rare,
And winter's exiles will return on wings
As sure as this year's feathered chorus wear.
And trees will bend again their icy limbs,
To cast off heavy coats of winter snow
For leafy ornaments and blossom trims,
From whence the sapid fruits of summer grow.
There will be other songs and other sighs,
As once you uttered in the season's youth,
And other loves to speak their lovely lies,
Which speak not of deception, but of truth.
Yet with your leaving, something final goes,
And nevermore the calix overflows.

Lonely

Anne Carmichael

Shouts
Shrieks
Pounding feet
Intimate eyes
Laughing tongues . . .
Outside my door.

Poem

Laura Davis

If I were wrought the gilded goddess,
Winds of an ancient land
Should mark my face with parched earth
And let me find no peace.
Blacked hands in a leveled palace
Finger still my tarnished crown
As both my jeweled copper eyes
Lie dry among the dust.

Here In My Abyss

Laura Davis

Here in my abyss let me lie
Caught by a marble moon
Till wave and sea wind
Tear me free
And I drown.

Alone

Harriett Lipford

4 o'clock, the Happy Hour
beer 10¢ a glass
50¢ a pitcher
books thrown in the Room
brisk walk then stairs . . .

into a room with smoke
hovering near the ceiling
jazz and talk and talk.

Line—Crowd—People
yet alone . . .
all alone.

the bar—yes, the bar
"a pitcher and Winstons please"
Cigarettes, beer, books.

Home—a girl and parents
very far away.
Here—beer and books
Cigarettes, classes, talk.

Crowd—People—Faces
alone, alone, alone
All Alone.

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

If the way of life of a nation is the outward expression of the principles and beliefs upheld by that particular nation, then we can safely say that it is no other than the people's own heritage that constitutes their way of life and differentiates it from that of any other nation in the world. Needless to say, every country has its own beliefs and values exemplified through the everyday life of its people. The Spartans, for example, were not able to lead the same kind of life as the Athenians, nor otherwise, merely because the two nations did not coincide in their heritages. The latter believed in democracy and freedom of the individual, whereas the former favored totalitarianism and strict discipline of its citizens. The latter emphasized the importance of the individual, and the former the importance of the state. Thus each veered toward the direction of its own particular heritage which, being a part of the people, was applied in their lives and formed a way of life of the nation as a whole.

When we consider the American way of life, we naturally turn to the heritage that has shaped the American minds for centuries. It is no other than the phrase expressed so clearly by Thomas Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal and that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These principles and beliefs have become the basis for the American way of life and are shown in the actions of the country as well as in the lives of the individuals. Thus it is the purpose of the writer to interpret the meaning of the American heritage as she sees it, and to show how these principles constitute the American way of life.

First of all, equality stands at the head of all the underlying principles. "All men are created equal;" they must have equal opportunity to develop their potentiality, each according to his own ability, regardless of what intellectual or socio-economic background he possesses. A man may not have as much talent and ability as his next-door neighbor, but the way to realize his fullest potentiality is open to him if he only cares to develop it. Moreover, a man born of poverty-stricken parents and brought up in the lowest environment who wishes to make something of himself is not barred from his highest aim in life. This fact can be well illustrated in the life of Abraham Lincoln, who emerged from obscurity to a state of greatest exaltation. As a matter of fact, the reason that Lincoln can be such an inspiration to millions of American people is that he represents to the fullest sense their idea of equality. He was able to overcome utter poverty and eventually attain the presidency in one of the most critical times in American history. As president of the United States, he did not keep himself aloof from his fellow-citizens but considered himself one of their friends who shared their sorrows in time of despair. Furthermore, throughout the country this principle is carried out in the public schools, in the PTA meetings, in the recreational centers, and even in the business world. The son of a bus driver can go to the same school with the son of a president of a big corporation. A janitor can sit in the same PTA meeting with a millionaire; and an insignificant employee can sit and talk heartily with his employer as man to man, regardless of their social differences. None of the countries in other parts of the world has ever displayed such an equality as a way of life as have the American people.

Now we will turn to the part that concerns the inalienable rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—and examine how they constitute the American way of life. To the people of Asia, America is a nation that is chiefly interested in material things and outward comforts. Of course, this is a very superficial generalization, but it does contain some truth in the fact a majority of the American people do live comfortably as compared with other parts of the world. They have the right to live any way they want to without any interference from anywhere or anybody. They have a decent home and a decent job—a chance to live free of fear and free from want and a freedom to exercise whatever religious beliefs they prefer. Yes, to me Americans are materialists in the sense that they wish to live "a good life," a life that is free from wretchedness and from control of any sort, and that they are spendthrifts who lavish wealth on themselves, on their families, on their fellow-citizens, and nowadays on the inhabitants of the four quarters of the globe. In other words, Americans are materialists in the very simple sense that they believe everything worth having can be had if only they are willing to spend money to get it. For instance, the American people believe in education, and therefore they are willing to spend prodigious amounts of public funds on it. In nearly every American community, citizens vote to tax themselves at higher and higher rates to pay for the education of their children. The true American is not being hypocritical when he says that he is frantically making money because he wants his children to have all the advantages of an education, and he will spend freely to make these advantages available. Moreover, constant progress—new ideas and new horizons—become a part of the American way of life, in which there is freedom of expression given to every citizen. In presenting his new invention or thought on certain matters, every American is encouraged to speak his mind without fear of offending the government or in turn being arrested. The American police cannot make arrests without warrants—unless of course they actually come upon a crime being committed. The criminal defendants are given every procedural aid, and are deemed innocent until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. Men of all shades of political opinion are free to express their opinions verbally and in writing. The American courts impose rigid checks to make sure that no man is deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law—which means without procedures safeguarding his interests.

Finally, America is a land of great diversity of cultural and ethnic patterns; Americans of different walks of life who live in settings as dissimilar from each other as the crowded sidewalks of New York City and the rolling pasturelands of the South all possess differences in viewpoints. Yet each individual is given the opportunity to pursue the way of life he cares to pursue in the locality that suits his best interest. He is given the religious freedom to choose and exercise the kinds of faith that please him most. However, in spite of all these differences, there is a peculiar sense of unity that links the city dweller to the farmer, and the Northerner and Southerner in ties that bind so closely that their local differences cannot pull them apart. Indeed, it is no other than the principles of equality, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness that underlie the American way of life.

VERONICA CHOW

Man On A Boat . . . . . Nita Mc Gibbs

THE DELINQUENTS

A One-Act Playlette

LAURA DAVIS

Scene I

"Mother, I don't want Jim to go with me! I'm quite able to make the trip to Johnson's without his tagging along."

"Carol, for the last time—hush! Mrs. Williams and Jim will be hurt if they hear you talking like this. I know that you and Jim don't like each other, but I'll worry if you go to the department store by yourself after dark. You know how much trouble we've had lately with delinquents in this neighborhood."

"I don't care about delinquents, Mother! All in this world I want is to be left alone by that pesky Jim Williams! Did you watch him while we were at supper? He just picked at his food the whole time we were eating. I wish you hadn't told them that I cooked the meal! And why does he have to come along, anyway, with his mother when she visits you? Baby! Can't even stay at home by himself at fourteen years old! Maybe he's afraid one of those nasty delinquents will get him!"

"Carol! I'm not going to speak to you again about Jim! I don't understand you; Jim's such a nice boy, and I think he's considerate to come with Mary when she visits us. Here's a dollar. Now please get me two jars of peppermint candy so Mary and I can finish filling the circle's Christmas stockings for the orphanage children. I should have checked the candy supply this afternoon, but I thought we had plenty to fill forty stockings."

"I'll go this time, Mother; but this is the last trip I'm going to make anywhere with Jim Williams along. If he comes over here again, I'll spend the night with Betty Jean."

Scene II

"Margaret, Carol has consented to go to Johnson's for some more peppermint sticks. I should have checked about the candy supply this afternoon, but I thought we had plenty to fill forty stockings. Jim, will you please go with Carol to Johnson's? We've had so much trouble with roughnecks in this neighborhood lately that I'm afraid for her to be out by herself after dark."

"Oh, come on, Jim! Let's get this trip over with. If you don't mind, however, please stay ten feet behind me on the way there and back."

Scene III

"I just don't understand those children, Mary. Do you? Sometimes I think that Carol will never notice boys. Here she is in the eighth grade, and she is still determined to act like a tomboy."

"I feel the same way about Jim, Doris. He's so shy around a group of girls that it's actually embarrassing to me. But when he's around Carol, he's positively absurd in his bashfulness. I'm sorry he treats her with such coldness, especially since she's a lovely girl. Maybe it won't be long, however, before he realizes that she would be fun to date."

Scene IV

"Jim how far are we from home?"

"About five blocks. I think we fooled them again, Carol. What do you say?"

"Are you kidding? You should have heard the terrible things I said about you when Mother and I were in the kitchen after supper. She'll never catch on to our scheme!"

"By the way, little one. I have a Christmas present for you here in my coat pocket."

"Jim! What is it?"

"Something you've wanted for several months, Carol. A little gold wedding band to keep until—until we can tell them our secret."

"Jim! It's lovely! Now hurry. We've got to get those peppermint sticks before Johnson's closes!"

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSE

MARY ALLRED

On a small table in our living room there used to lie three books, three books of which I had been the proud owner since I was old enough to turn the pages—*my* three books. Before I could read, I knew each of them almost by heart; and when I took them out to look at them alone, each picture drawn beside the words brought to me the lilting, breathless, excitingly expressive voice of my sister as she read the wonderful words that opened brand new worlds to me. To this day I feel a unique joy when I reread the marvelous adventures of Winnie-the-Pooh and his friends or the fascinating poems about Christopher Robin and the mysterious Alice. But nothing—no, not even Piglet or James James Morrison Morrison Weatherby George Dupree—has lived for me with such unchanging magic as the beautiful poems in *A Child's Garden of Verses.*

Even now when I merely open this book I feel a spirit of freshness and catch again a breath of fragrant air which is surely wafted from this garden of ever-flowing youth. Each poem still brings to me a vivid picture, rainbow-hued with color and tinted over with a wonder-land brightness; and always it is the same picture that thrilled me when I was a big-eyed, under-sized tot. No detail is changed; it is as if the picture were really painted and I were gazing upon it, so real it is. And strange little breathless feelings go with the pictures, emotions of beauty and yet unexplainable sadness.

With the pictures and the tender feelings come back to mind the words of the poems themselves. I think that I shall always be able to say many of these poems by heart,

even though I cannot begin to tell how much they mean to me. Perhaps some of their meaning springs from the fountain of memory: I can never see the poems or think of them without hearing the voices of those who have spent hours reading them to me or the voices of those from whose lips they have been forms of endearment. What tender emotion I know when I remember coming in, tired and barefoot and dirty, to hear my father's voice say:

Come up here, O dusty feet!
Here is fairy bread to eat,
Here in my retiring room,
    Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom
    And the shade of pine;
And when you have eaten well,
Fairy stories hear and tell.

Or how can I put into words the golden beauty and the subtle sadness I have always found in "Where Go the Boats?" I find it hard to think of any words I have read in all my years of reading that have seemed more beautiful than these:

Dark brown is the river,
    Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever
    With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
    Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
    Where will all come home?

Words with such power of charm and feeling over a person must have become a part of that person. So I think *A Child's Garden of Verses* became a part of me when I was very young. From the first time I read the poems on, I knew they were saying just what I *felt* about things. They were—and are—as at home to my spirit as if they had been born of it. I said them to myself when I played as a child; I built wonderful stories around them. And I saw a poem—one of these poems—in each of hundreds of the ordinary details of my life. They were part of me.

Perhaps that is why the magic is still there when I go back to them—the gentle sadness in the soft hues of Leerie lighting the lamps in the twilight mist, the exhilaration of soaring above the world in a swing, the strange wonder of a naughty shadow that just cannot be controlled. If I listen carefully, I can hear the rustle of Auntie's skirts as they used to rustle (I have an Auntie, too) or I may hear the

. . . wind a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song.

To this day I can feel a poignant sadness from thinking of "Farewell to the Farm," and many is the time that I have thought of it as I have ridden down the road leading to college when I have been bidding "farewell to the farm" and saying, for a while anyway, "Good-bye, good-bye to everything." Not only do I hear and feel still, but if I close my eyes I can see holes in the sand inevitably filling with sea water; nor have I lost the frosty picture of "Winter-Time" or the flaming sight of "Autumn Fires." Surely in the world of beautiful details that Robert Louis Stevenson shows to us "we should all be as happy as kings." Indeed, as the *Garden of Verses* opens doors of beauty and imagination to the very young, so it may open to the oft-times mundane world of adulthood the portals of wonder and eternal youth.

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The Bride and Groom of Pisgah

A Ballad which portrays a legend of Mt. Pisgah, North Carolina

Carolyn Downer

A tale is told in the mountains old
Of a boy and girl's romance;
A tragic future they could not see
Under the circumstance.

Fifteen was she, and he two more
When noticed each the other.
He knew at once 'twas she he loved;
'Twas said: they're made for each other.

At first with only a nod and smile
They'd meet and go their way.
For shy were they, this lad and child,
Too young to know what to say.

Along with age came the boldness to meet,
And the bud began to bloom;
But yet this picture is not complete,
For fate must paint their doom.

A father had she, so cruel, unkind;
For children had he no more.
He swore no sweetheart should she find;
To him he'd bar the door.

A plot was formed in this cruel mind;
Her love must disappear,
For only then could this man find
The love of his daughter dear.

Wicked was he, but pitiful too———
It's hard to live alone.
But love as theirs one can't undo———
Now that he should have known.

The boy and girl did secretly wed
As 'twas they felt God's will.
But then into the hills they fled,
For fear that both he'd kill.

The snow was hard and falling deep,
The wind so cold that day.
How long the way, the climb how steep,
Neither was left to say.

With spring the snow did melt away,
No longer white the ground.
A search so great was made that day,
But only bones were found.

In winter when the snows do fall
Upon that mountain great,
A couple walks there, so say all,
A bride and groom by fate.

A bride and groom, whose time stands still,
They'll walk that mountain high
'Til dead's the man who them did kill.
In peace then can they die.

THE CANDY CANE

Susan Burns

He stared at the top of the counter. His blue wool cap was still as tightly buckled under his chin as it had been when his mother had fastened it that morning.

The odor of fresh popcorn and chocolate drifted to him, but he still looked longingly at the red-and-white candy canes which hung from a metal stand on the counter. Beside the candy canes was a small blue cardboard box which pleaded, "Fight Polio. Help a Crippled Child this Christmas."

The boy's gaze shifted to the blue box, and he twisted the damp nickel in his hand. For a long time he stood, looking first at the candy and then at the box.

Finally he set his mouth in a firm line, reached up to grab the candy cane, dropped his nickel on the counter, and limped out of the dime store.

AUTUMN'S ADIEU

Eleanor Bowie

As Winter's dream
of
Fall
Yields to
deepest
winter
sleep,
The thrilling voice
of
Autumn
Is stilled.

THE CRISIS CONCERNING THE TESTING OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS

(Continued from page 7)

How can we prevent the decision from becoming necessary either to begin actual warfare or to submit? Can we do it through establishing a stable peace or through disarmament? Perhaps it could be done through a negotiated peace, with self-enforcing guaranteed or through internal overthrow of Russian government which would be accomplished by cultural exchange, western infiltration, and propaganda. Could a stable peace be established through massive deterrent (nuclear) power? How dangerous is this, how much built-in danger in the face of *having* the bombs? How necessary is testing to continued balance of power? These are questions which are facing all of us today—we cannot glance at them quickly and then away!

The above questions came from part of a study of this question which was done by the Westminster Fellowships at Southwestern and Memphis State Universities.

Patsy Hogg

CHRISTMAS LETTER

Pension Rembrant
57, Rue de la Concorde
Brussels, Belgium
November 24, 1958

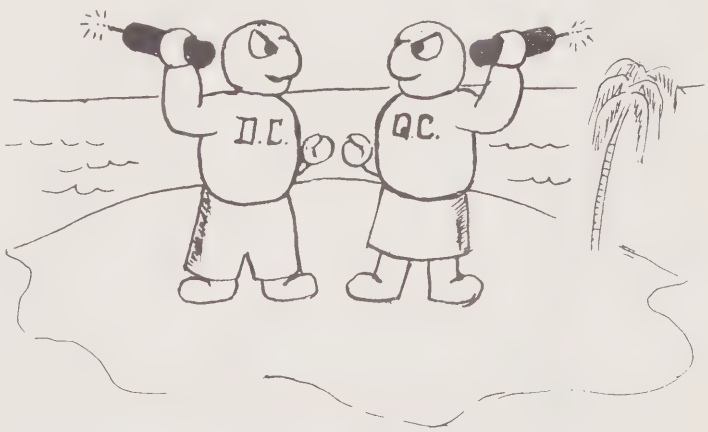
Dear Queens,

Writing a letter to people whom you have tried to teach is almost as taxing as composing an examination for people you have tried to prepare for it. I am, however, sustained and encouraged by the October issue of *The Quill,* which contains several things originally decorated by my red pencil, in which Dean Larson teaches me that we all have to learn to live without excellence, and which brings you all to mind with a happy vividness. So I send you Christmas Greetings from a high-ceilinged house with great marble mantels, in this grey stone capital, changed from the color and feverishly profitable activity of a World's Fair summer to the self-absorption of a cold, misty, ordinary winter. We are in the middle of a "greve"; the electrical workers want higher wages; no trams run, and the cafes are gently lighted by candles only, returning many rooms to their shadowy, 18th Century grandeur. Dr. Cumming is in another Royal Library, visiting the earliest chart of the North Atlantic made by the Dutch West Indian Company. I am writing Christmas cards and reading *Doctor Zhivago*. Has America been as concerned over Pasternak's strange refusal of the Nobel Prize as England has? From here, we go to Germany, and shall have Christmas in either Munich or Vienna. Either one should offer music fit for the loveliest season of the year.

England revisited is the subject of this letter, and because of that, I am afraid it will be more personal than I wish to make it. I believe that those of you to whom I have tried to describe that brave island as we explored its literature will understand something of my joy and excitement in the return, after almost thirty years of absence. I peered at post-war England as tenderly and anxiously as one would at the face of a loved person who had suffered grievously since last encountered. Dr. Cumming laughed at me all the way from Dover to Canterbury, as we drove from the night boat through a golden dawn breaking over the chalk cliffs and green downs of Kent; he declares that, in my eyes, every hawthorn hedge and every thatched cottage was glorified, and every pert English robin a small bird of paradise. He ceased to scoff, however, when the sun's first rays lighted the great Cathedral, soaring over the town, and examined as solicitously as I the rents made in the peerless cloister by the bombs, and the skill of the almost completed restoration. Mercifully, the main structure is safe for modern pilgrims to St. Thomas' shrine. We pursued our way along the road which was first the Watling Street of the Romans, saying, "Oh, Sittingbourne—wasn't that where the canon and his yeoman caught up?" "Here's Gadshill, where Prince Hal and Poins played the trick on Falstaff, and here's Dickins' home with the famous study just as he left it"; till we came at last to a door, where I stood and waited for my dearest friend of the Oxford years to answer my ring. What will yours look like to you after thirty years? May all your returns be as fortunate as mine! Not only this friend, but many others have received me as if time had lost its meaning; since added pounds and grown-up children are mutual to us, they are no bar to reestablished friendship. Therefore, if any of you would like to write to me, you may send your letter in care of Mrs. H. S. Davies, 72 Old Road East, Gravesend, Kent, England; and she will forward it to me from her home on the Canterbury Pilgrims' road.

Autumn flowers were blooming late in Oxford; tree roses, chrysanthemums, brilliant dahlias, and great heaps of purple Michaelmas daisies massed against the old, soft grey walls of the college gardens in Christ Church and New College and St. John's. Twilight was blue and misty, with lights coming on behind stone-mullioned windows and undergraduates streaming home from a last tutorial or lecture, their short, black gowns flung over heavy tweeds. We lived in student "digs" with just opcartographical friends, Davidson Rhodes Scholar friends, and the new friends of the past, Marshall Scholar at Christ Church. We had also three Queens friends: a former faculty member then named Margaret Douglas, wife of the current Harmsworth Professor of American History (always an American), Arthur Link, living in the only English house I knew with a refrigerator and a washing machine; Miss Deneke, Oxford pianist, whom some of you will remember as having lectured to us on her year at Lambarene with Schweitzer; and Mrs. Davis, who founded your chapter of Sigma Upsilon. Miss Deneke sends you greetings; we were bidden to one of the famous concerts in the great garden room of her home, designed for chamber music. Mrs. Davis is living in Oxford and working on a biography of Bradley, the Shakespearean critic. With her we went to tea with Professor Garrod, who, Miss Tillett will tell you, is an authority on Keats and the Romantics. He is very old now, living in a fabulous, crowded room in Merton, with an ancient, lop-eared spaniel. Dr. Cumming dined at the high table in University College hall with Herman Bell, one of the Davidsonians who have distinguished themselves at Oxford; he has gone so far in Egyptology that he has been elected a Fellow of the college, an honor which comes to few English scholars. We are expecting fine things also of Jason McManus, the current

(Continued on page 20)



Queens and Davidson as seen by W. C., U. N. C., State, Duke, Wake Forest, etc.

CHRISTMAS LETTER

(Continued from page 19)

Davidson Rhodes Scholar. Most interesting of the friends from my undergraduate past was Miss Helen Gardner, critic and friend of T. S. Eliot, editor of two Penguin editions of 17th Century poets, BBC critic, now university lecturer and examiner. After her stimulating lecture on the origins of *Paradise Lost*, which I attended with about three hundred students, mostly male, she took me to her rooms in our college, St. Hilda's, and made me a half-promise to come to us in America. Our boy is now literary editor of the *Isis*, the Oxford magazine which, like *The Quill*, combines news discussion and editorial comment with fiction, poetry, and criticism. We dined with Nicholas Deakin, the very able young editor-in-chief. Shall we see his name in later life, as we have those of Auden and Spender? And then one day I was walking alone along the River Cherwell near Addison's Walk, and I met two old swans whom I was sure I knew. "Hello," said one. "You back? Can you still manage a punt?" "No, I'm afraid I can't," I replied humbly. "What's the use of a university degree if you forget the really important things?" he answered; and, with a flip of the tail, they sailed upstream.

Before the week in Oxford, my husband and son and I had a short holiday; Bob chose the English Lakes because he is reading the Lake poets this term. When he got back, he said that he had been afraid that he would be looking at Wordsworth's and Coleridge's lakes, but that that hadn't happened; they had been all his own. Summer tourists had all gone home, and left the countryside bare and open, the great, sweeping slopes covered with tawny-rosy bracken, the quick showers whipping across, the air fresh and filled with the sound of rushing water. Over Kirkstone Pass to Ullswater went the little Volkswagen, around the edge of Coniston and Thirlmere and Buttermere and Crummock Water, through the narrow streets of Grasmere and Keswick and little Sawrey where Beatrix Potter wrote and drew Jemima Puddleduck and Mrs. Tiggywinkle, past Southey's Falls of Lodore and Wordsworth's Greenhead Ghyll. One day we rowed on Windermere, Mrs. C. playing coxswain to two pairs of oars. Once we spent the morning with Ruskin, so beautifully maintained is his home Brantwood. One day we climbed to Castlerigg, and stood silent in that great circle of stones placed there for purposes of worship by some race far more ancient than the Druids; the mountains made a huge, outer circle around the green hill on which we stood and felt man's ancient, immemorial cry to God:

> "A motion and a spirit, which impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

When night fell, we came home, as Wordsworth did in boyhood, to Hawkshead village, and slept soundly in a tiny, 16th Century pub called the Red Lion, while the brook rushed past us down the fell to Esthwaite Water.

I should put your editor out of business if I described it all: the days in gentle Devonshire by the sea, the crossing of the Yorkshire moors past bleak farms that looked like Wuthering Heights, the visit to Haddon Hall, perfectly preserved Tudor dwelling house, and to Stokesay Manor, with the great hall and the ladies' bower of the mediaeval romances. Let me therefore come finally to London, where most of Dr. Cumming's work was done and my time spent. In the heart of that huge, crowded, rich, storied, smoky city lies the British Museum, vast treasure house of the books and art of ages. Innumerable famous men have worked in its Reading Room; an unknown scholar named Karl Marx sat in his seat there day after day, and wrote *Das Kapital*. As we made our way to the Map Room, enormous heads from Easter Island peered at us, Etruscan gold leaf glittered, there in a case lay the Codex Sinaiticus, one of the two oldest and best of the Greek manuscripts of the whole Bible. One day I took dictation while my husband read Florida and Carolina place-names from the Klenke Atlas of Blaeu, one of two copies of the world's largest book, six feet high and fastened with great, bronze hasps, lifted onto a table for us by four men. It was in the Lakes that the impressive-looking missive from the Attorney General of the United States reached us, asking Dr. Cumming to investigate and be ready to testify concerning the early treaties with the British Government of the Seminole Indians of Florida, who are suing the United States for ancient territorial claims! One never knows where research will lead. This led to the Public Record Office, the Maritime Museum at Greenwich, and the Hydrographic Service of the Admiralty; he found the treaty, and three pertinent maps, and may be serving as a cartographical expert when the case comes to trial. London has not only art embalmed in museums, but living art in its many theatres and concert halls. Nor are theatre tickets expensive. We chose to see O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey into Night," and Eliot's new play, "The Elder Statesman"; both were crowded. I liked the Eliot play tremendously, and hope to help some Queens student in its interpretation. The Royal Festival Hall is the great new Thames-side home of British music; there we heard Dame Myra Hess and Isaac Stern enjoying playing together, and a reading of Eliot's "Four Quartets" by the poet C. Day Lewis and three others which reinforced my conviction of the value of the aloud reading of poetry. The great parks of London, with the pale sunlight gilding the rows of huge, old trees through bluish mist, the boy voices in the Round Church in the Temple and the friendly, low church atmosphere of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the busy streets with the jagged bomb holes still apparent and the modernistic buildings elbowing the old, all were fascinating. I could never go down into the Underground without picturing the rows of beds, swept by dust and draught, that held all ages of people every night in the Blitz. One of my school-teacher friends remembered that a thirteen-year-old girl said to her one morning, "Miss Cullen, I haven't got my chemistry; I'll have it done tomorrow." "Why not?" "Well, you see, we had a bomb last night, and Daddy and I had to go and find Mother in hospital; I got my English and my history, though." "Very well," said my friend. "You'll get your chemistry for tomorrow." So I thought I should like to see the queen of this people, and I raced across Green Park as she was returning in state from opening Parliament. We all pressed hopefully against the railings of Buckingham Palace to see her come out on her balcony and wave. A bobby spoke encouragingly, and we all smiled. Presently a horrid little man in a bowler hat came along inside the railings and said, "There's nothing to wait for; she won't come out." I said "Oh-oh-oh," in tones of great frustration—and then suddenly realized that not another soul had uttered a sound. A small girl sniffed slightly, and her mother said, "Now, then." Somebody else said, "She 'as to 'ave 'er lunch with the lords an' lydies!" I was put in my place good and proper, I was!

Merry Christmas to you all.

ELIZABETH CUMMING

QUEENS STUDENTS LACK INITIATIVE

Alice Manning

We Queens students are sadly lacking in initiative and letermination. To put it bluntly, we are a passive student ody. Regardless of how dissatisfied we become with situ-tions on this campus, we do nothing. We sit in our little groups and voice our complaints, but we never go any urther. If we are as completely dissatisfied as it appears, ve should take action. We say that we want action, but we ever move in that direction. We sit waiting for the faculty nd administration to hear our feeble complaints, correct he displeasing situations, and make our little world here t Queens a pleasant place in which to while away four ears of our lives.

Surely we realize that the complaints which arise in our dormitory discussions seldom reach the ears of the faculty nd administration. If we truly, not half-heartedly, desire o have the administration take action upon certain situations which we find unsatisfactory, we must have the initiative o present our complaints to the proper authorities in an rganized and forceful way. Such a presentation of our complaints is necessary; for the members of the faculty and administration are very busy and do not have time, nor is t their place, to listen for our whispered complaints. It is the responsiblity of us students to make the administration aware of the situations which we feel are objectionable. But we are not accepting our responsibility. We are bogged down in a state of passiveness which prevents us from taking the necessary action. If and when we ever rise from our state of passiveness and do present our complaints to the persons in authority, we should be very sure that they are soundly based and that they are worthy of consideration.

Another evidence of our passiveness is found in the fact that we students often overlook our own authoritative body — — the Student Government Association. The Student Government Association is our organization; it is the organization which represents us students and our stands on certain issues. It is supposedly an organization by and for the students. Since we do have our own authorities, why must we depend on the over-worked, under-paid faculty and administration? Why not carry our complaints to the Student Government Association? Some would answer these questions by saying that the Student Government Association is ineffective. But how do we know? We have never given our Student Government Association a job to do which would allow it to prove its effectiveness. In fact, we, the members of the student body, have never given our governmental organization any type of job to do. Whatever has been accomplished through this organization has not been a result of student motivation; it has been accomplished entirely within the organization. We students are so passive that we are not even conscious of the functions or the possibilities of the Student Government Association.

We Queens College students are to be reproached for our passiveness and lack of initiative. Not only are we passive in regard to objectionable situations on the campus, but we are also passive to the advantageous situations on the campus. It is a discredit to ourselves and to our school that we should take an interest in school affairs only to the extent of discussion. Yes, we all talk and involve ourselves in lengthy discussion, but talk seldom accomplishes much. We must bring action out of these discussions. We must bring about a revolution in our attitudes. We do not seem to be aware of the harm which our passiveness is nourishing. Our passiveness is destroying potential leaders; it is forcing us all into a deep rut. We are not receiving full benefit from the educational, religious, and cultural environment that is offered at Queens. We will never receive the fullest benefits unless we emerge from our passiveness, and this necessary arousal must be done through our own initiative. The faculty and administration may help us, but before we can receive any help from any source we ourselves must make the first move.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE FACULTY AND STAFF

for Mr. Babb—a tranquillizer
for Miss Black—a ride on a real train
for Mr. Currie—a date with an angel
for Dr. Fehon—an amoeba
for Dr. Glasgow—a first-aid kit
for Dr. Hadley—(big daddy)—a season's pass to all the Adult Only movies.
for Mr. Holliday—bongo drums
for Mrs. Kelly—a southern drawl
for Dr. Larson—copy of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*
for Mrs. Magher—an inner tube
for Dr. Monroe—a black leather jacket and a studded belt
for Mr. Moose—a painting by Tom Sawyer
for Miss Nooe—a hi fi Stereo recording of Bird Calls
for Dr. Snyder—a ukelele
for Dr. Stegner—a Brownell tour of Rock City and Ruby Falls
for Dr. Stevens—a jeweled cigarette holder
for Miss Tarleton—an observation booth in the Baptist Sunday-school
for Miss Taylor—a large economy size box of manna
for Miss Tillett—a subscription to Classic Comics
for Mrs. Whisnant—copy of *A Child's Garden of Verses*
for Dr. Braun—a peek at Santa Claus

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CHRISTMAS DINNER

Susan Burns

She stood wearily bent over the sink with her hands in the hot soapy water. As she swiftly rubbed each dish with the steaming dishcloth, she thought about the Christmas dinner and how perfect it had been. The stuffed turkey had been moist and golden. The rice had been white and fluffy. The wrinkled peas had seemed more green than usual, and the bright red cranberries had seemed about to burst with pride. Even the fact that Johnny had turned over his milk and Janice had refused to eat her peas had not spoiled the meal.

She wrung out the dishcloth and hung it on a nail. She then took her worn blue coat out of the closet, picked up a brown paper bag full of table scraps, and with renewed energy went home to her own family whom she had not seen all day.

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